Neue Liebeslieder.

NEW SONGS OF LOVE.

WALTZES

Translated into English by Mrs Natalia Macfarren

WALZER

für vier Singstimmen

und

Pianoforte zu vier Händen

von

JOHANNES BRAHMS.

Op 65

Bearbeitung für Pianoforte zu vier Händen ohne Gesang M. 4,50

Erste Stor Hall

Verlag und Eigenthum

von

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Neue Liebeslieder.

Verse aus „Polydora" von Daumer

New songs of Love.

WALZER.

1.

There's nought, on heart can save thee
if on Love's sea thou put from shore;
'tin strewn with wrecks unnumber'd
destruction fell on all they bore

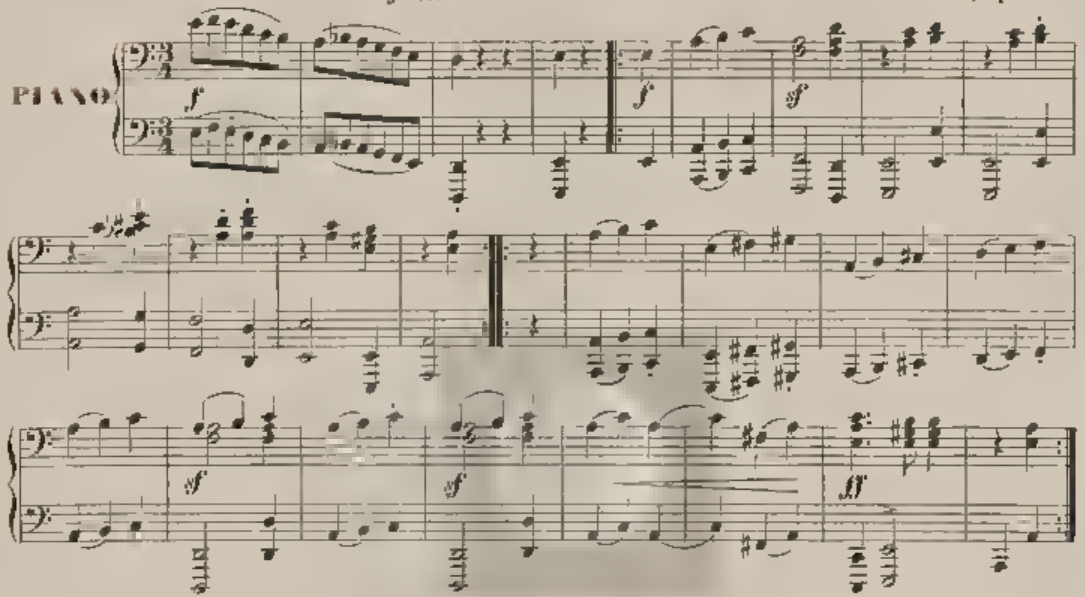
Secondo.

Lebhaft, doch nicht schnell.

(With animation, but not fast.)

Johannes Brahms, Op 65a.

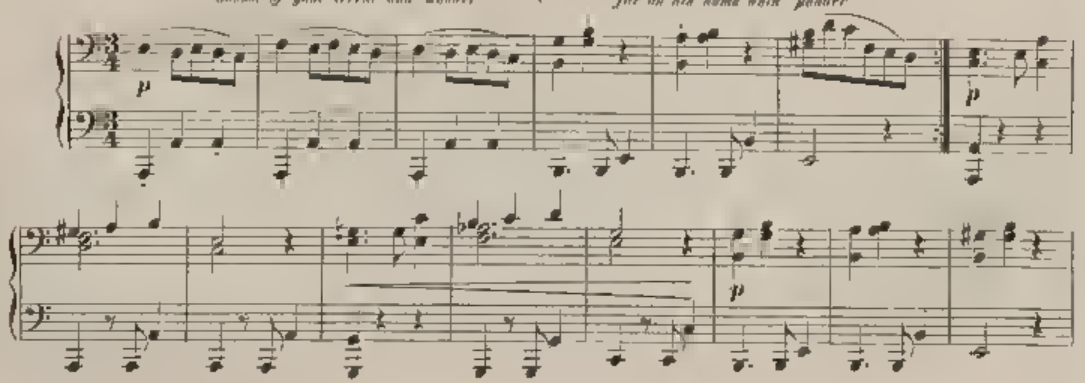
PIANO



2.

Shadowy gloom of the night,
tempest toss'd wave of the seas!
Who, mid comfort and light
dwelling serenely at ease,
known of your terror and wonder?

None but trav'ller forlorn,
who in the midnight storm
sailing the wat'ry waste,
far on his home doth ponder



Druck von Druck der [illegible] Offizin in Leipzig

Neue Liebeslieder.

Verse aus „Polydora" von Daumer

New songs of Love.

WALZER.

1.

Verzicht, Herz, auf Rettung,
Dich wagend in der Liebe Meer!

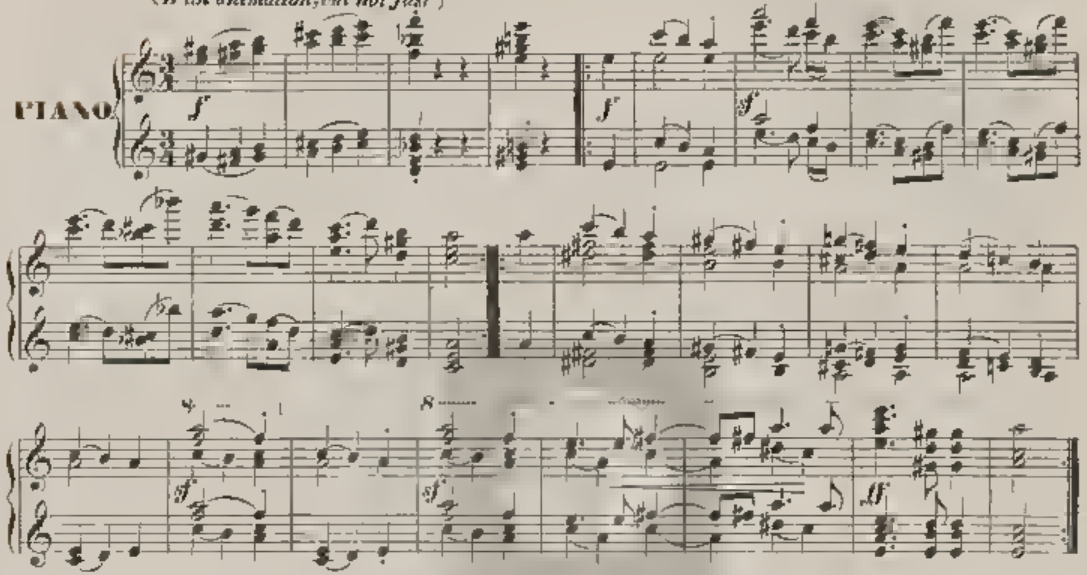
Dann tausend Nachen schwimmen
Zertrümmert am Gestad umher!

Primo.

Lebhaft, doch nicht schnell

(*With animation, but not fast*)

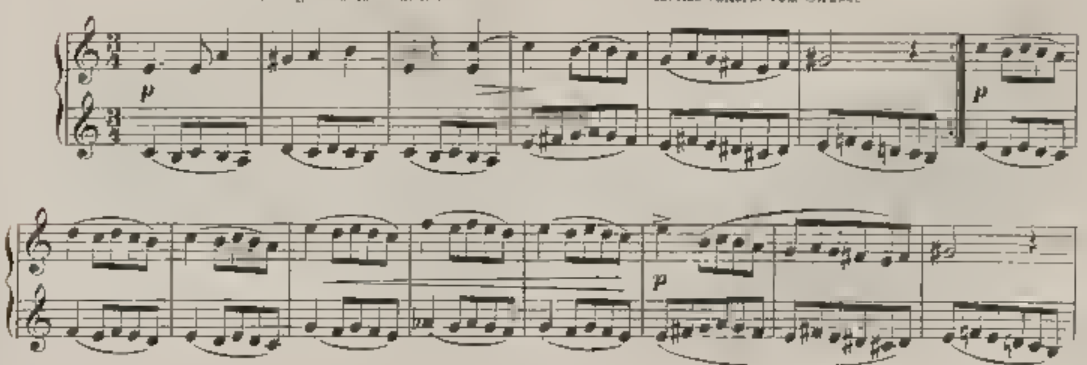
Johannes Brahms, Op 652.



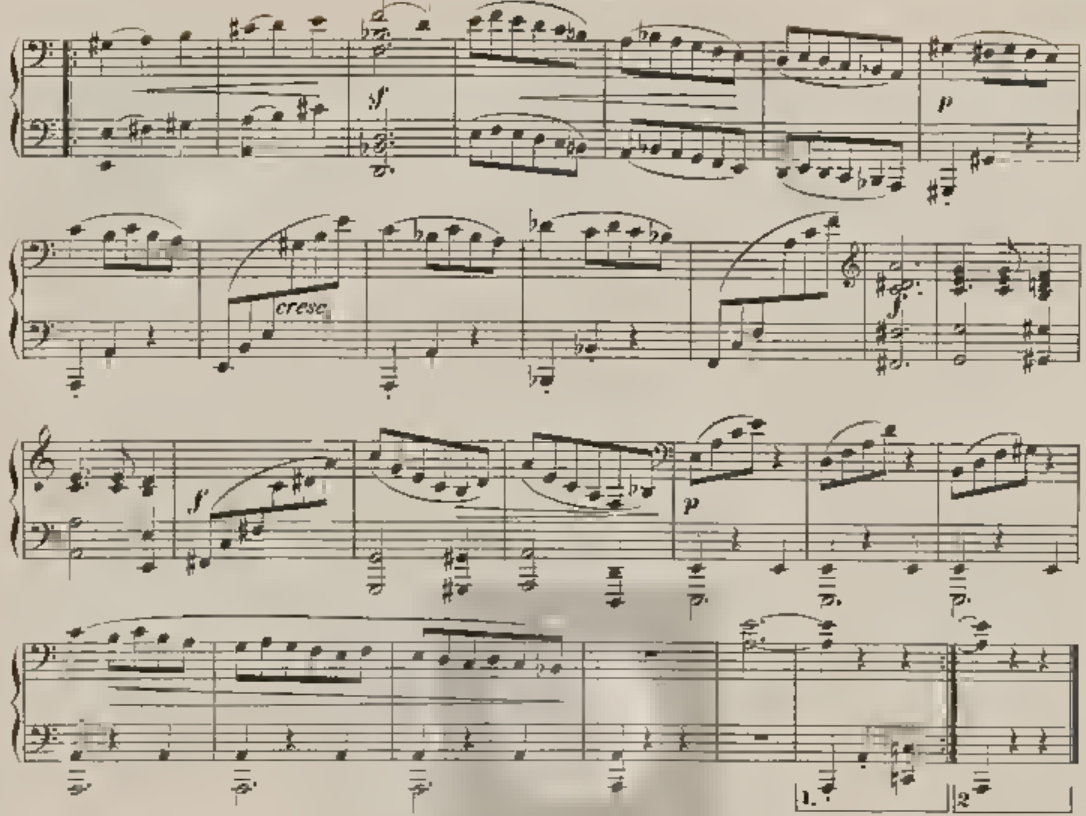
2.

Finstere Schatten der Nacht,
Wogen- und Wirbelgefahr!
Sind wohl, die da gelind
Ruhen auf sicherem Lande,
Euch zu begreifen im Stande?

Das ist das nur allein,
Welcher auf wilden See
Stürmischer Oede treibt,
Meilen entfernt vom Strande



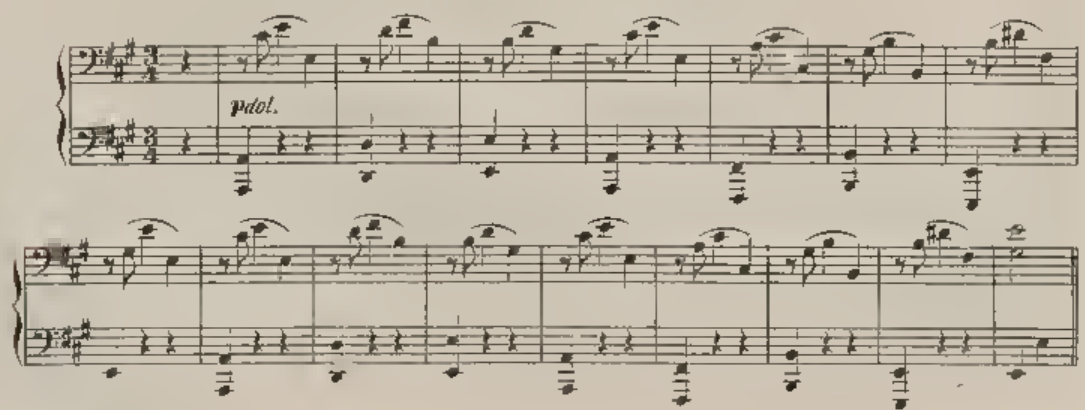
Secondo.

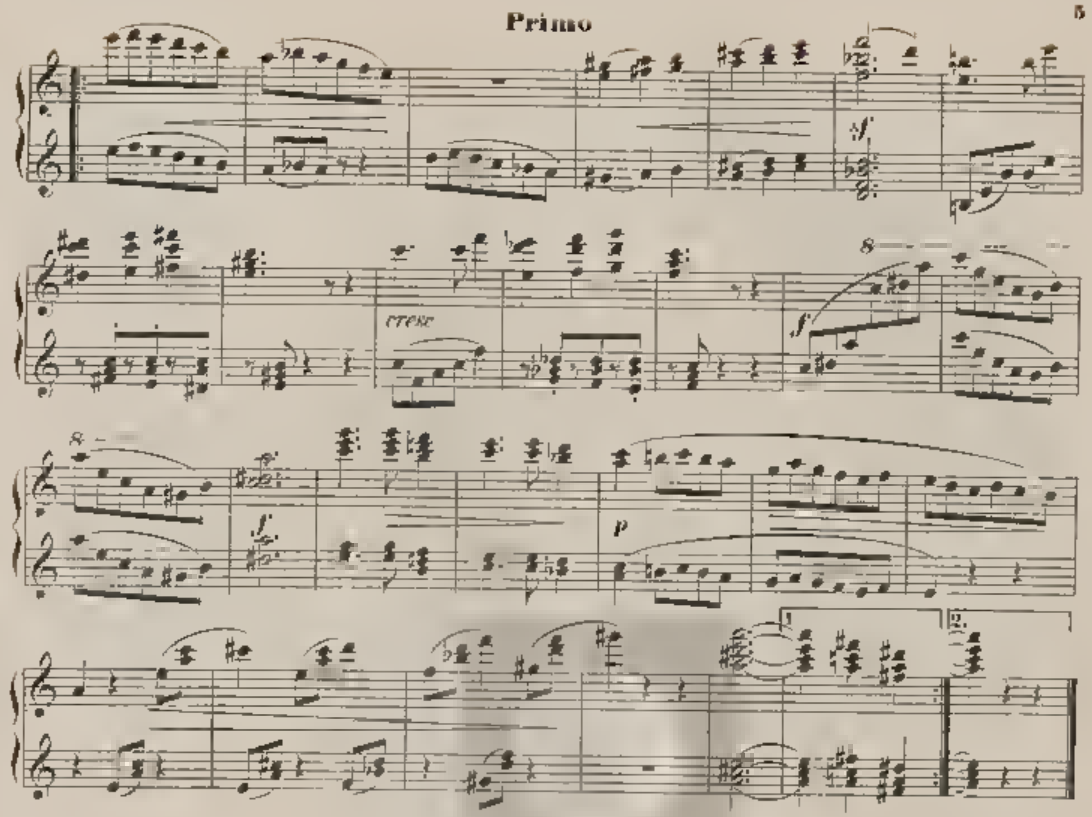


3.

Beauhile upon my fingers
full many a ring was flashing,
given me by my brother,
by dear affection mov'd

Alas, I gave them one and all
to the fairest, but
perfidious youth I found

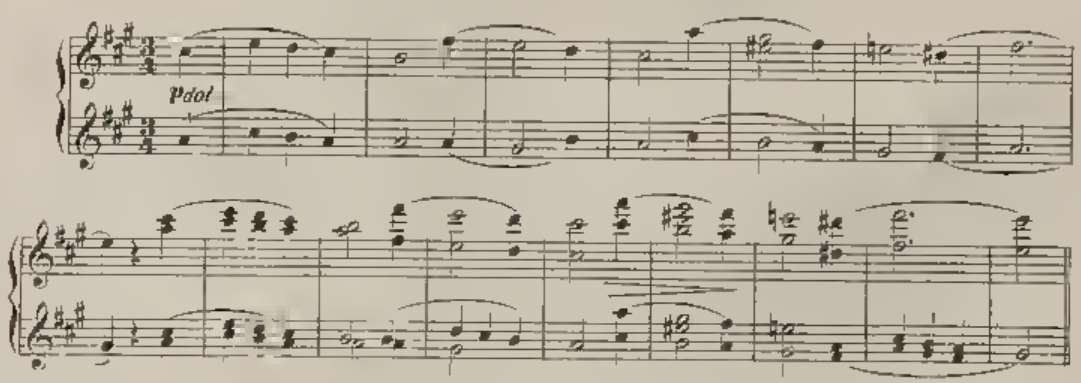




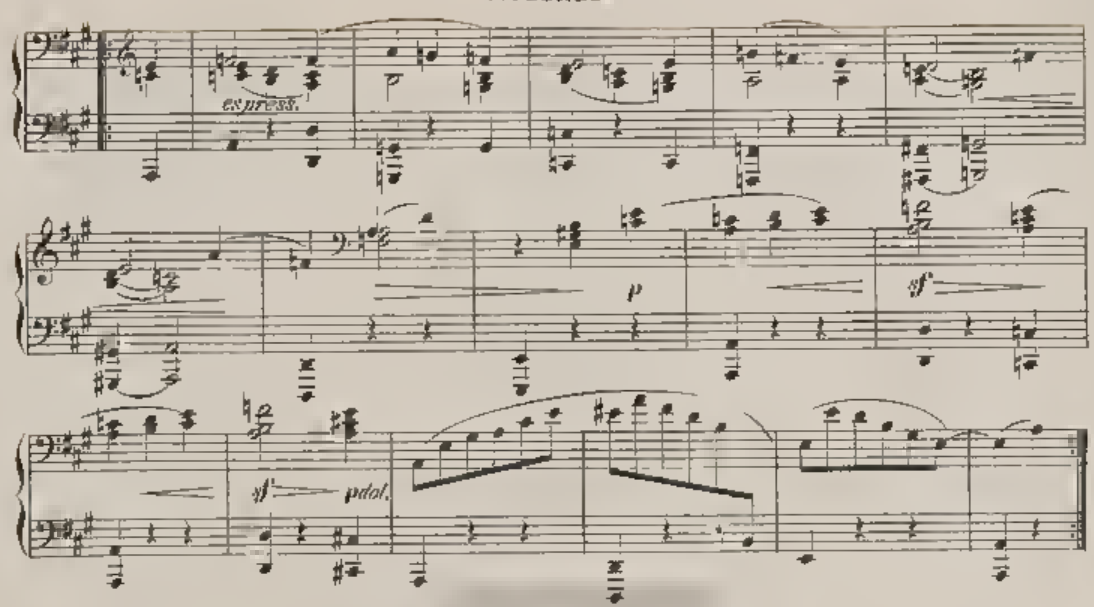
3.

An jeder Hand die Finger
Hatt' ich bedeckt mit Ringen,
Die mir geschenkt mein Bruder
In seinem 13. Jahr.

Und einen nach dem und nach
Gab ich dem schönen, aber
Unwürdigen Jüngling hin.



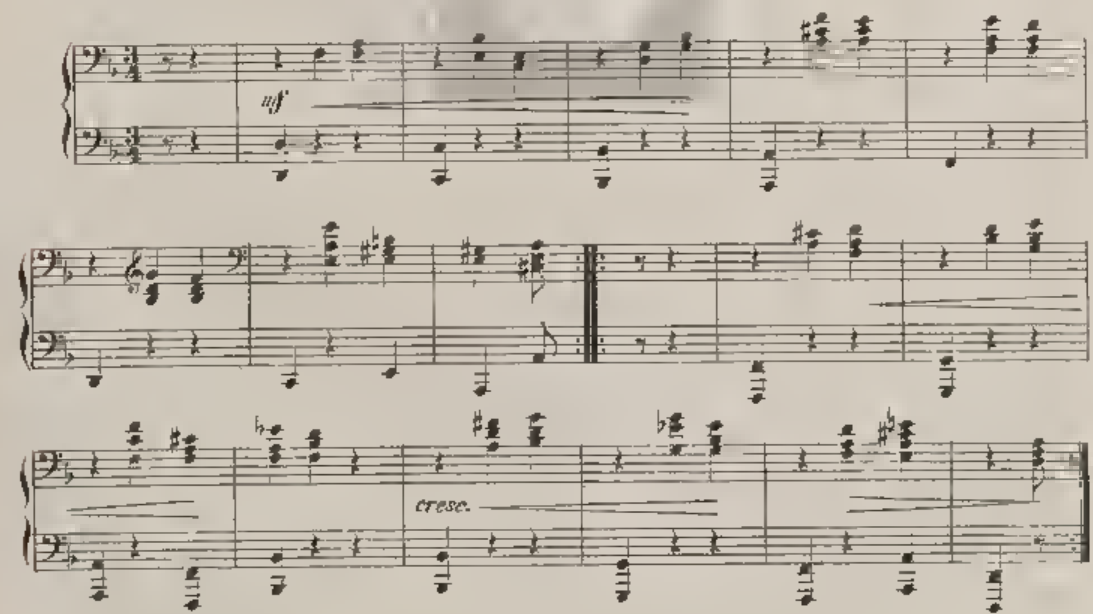
Secondo.

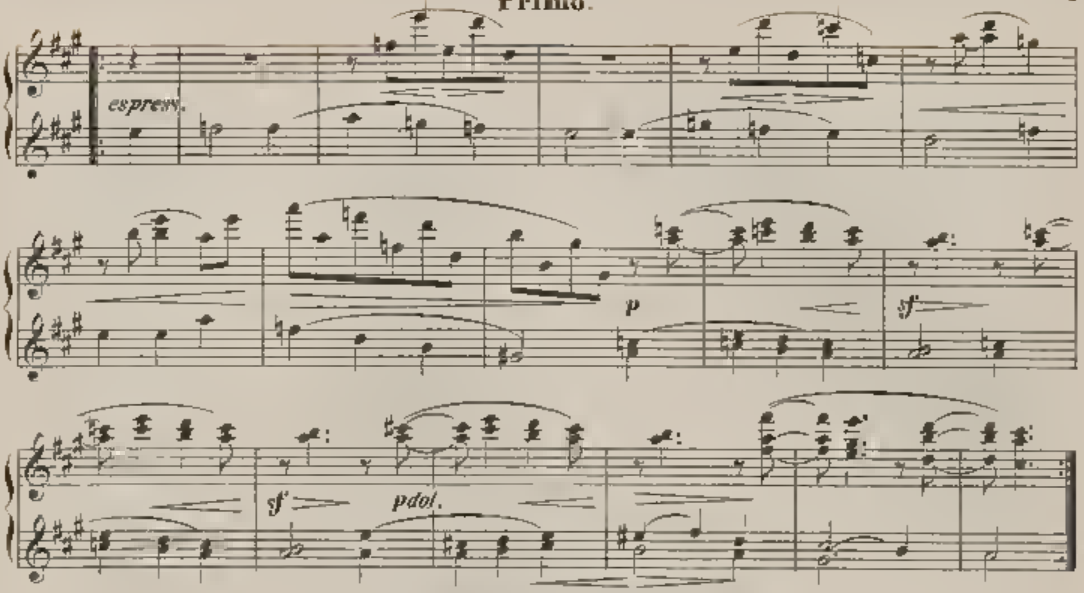


4.

In eyes of darkness, if ye but beckon
great monarchs tremble, and lands are stricken

How wilt thou stand in danger's hour,
my heart, against th'all-conquering pow'r

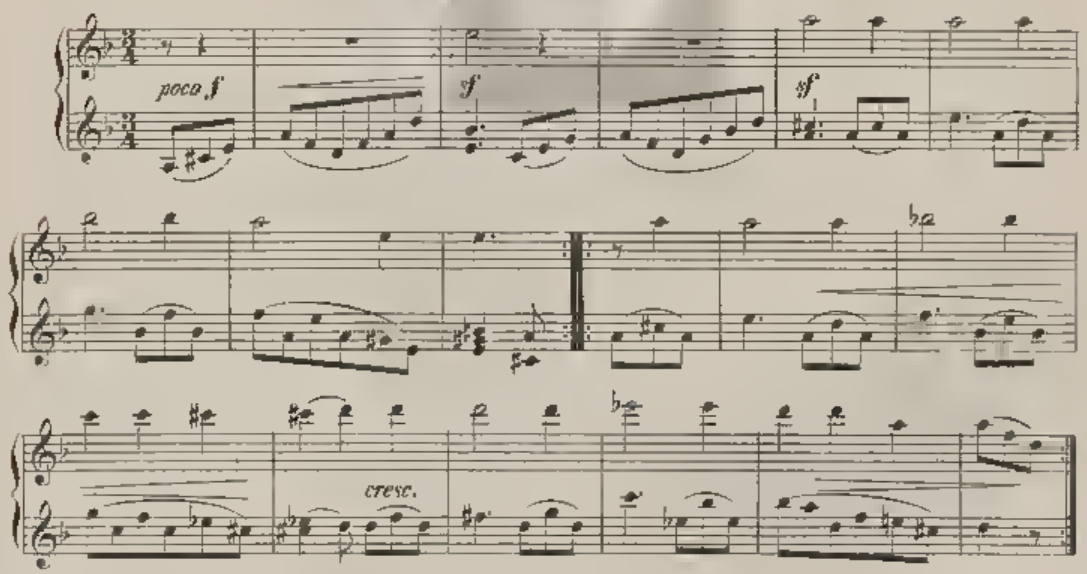




4.

Ihr schwarzen Augen, ihr dürft nur winken —
Paläste fallen und Städte sinken

Wie sollte stehn in solchem Strauss
Mein Herz, von Farben das schwarze Haus?

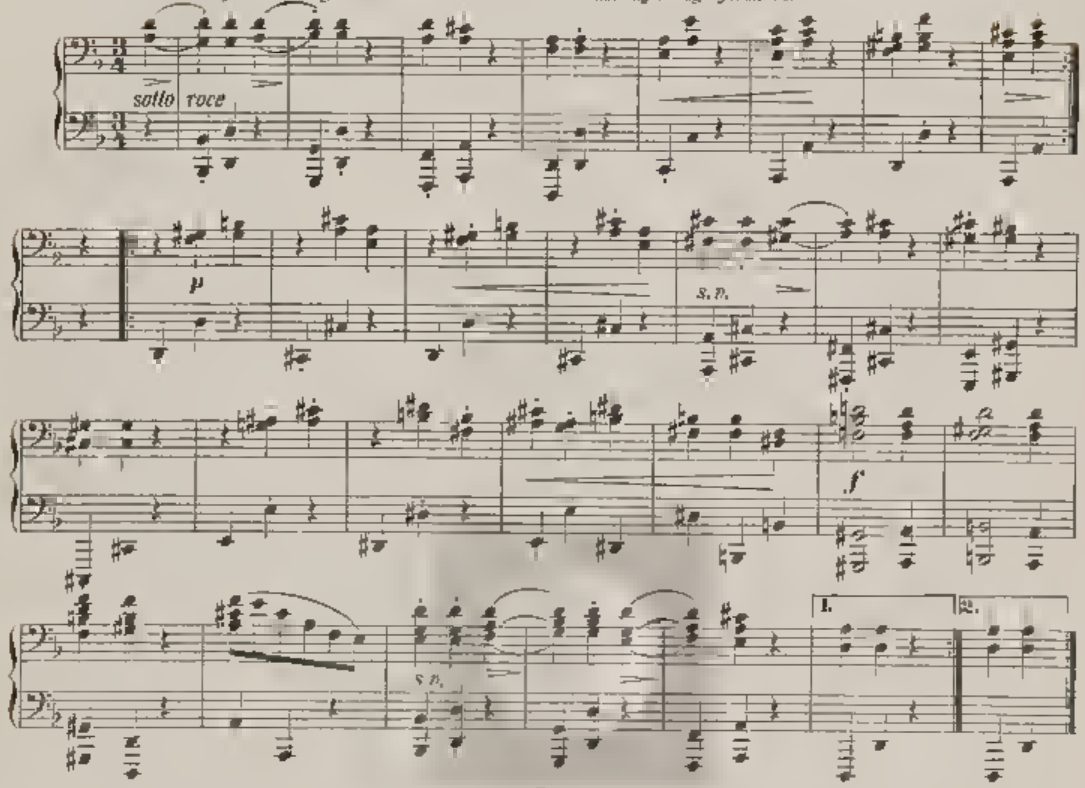


Secondo.

5.

Guard thy son, good neighbour mine,
guard him now from sorrow,
for I weave a potent spell
from each night till morrow

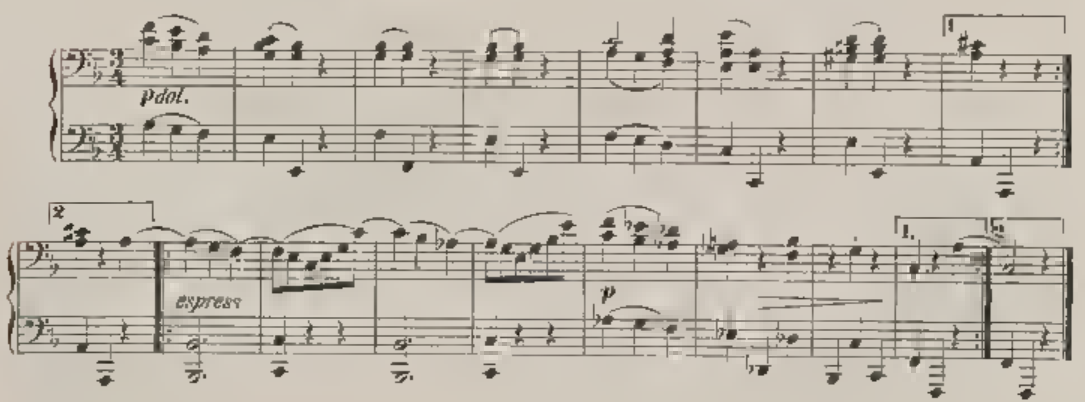
Ah, with smiles and burning looks
it is fashion'd (tears and sighs I name not)
If he scape me oh beware,
that thy cottage flame not!



6.

Roses red I wear my mother,
though I'm pale as any wraith

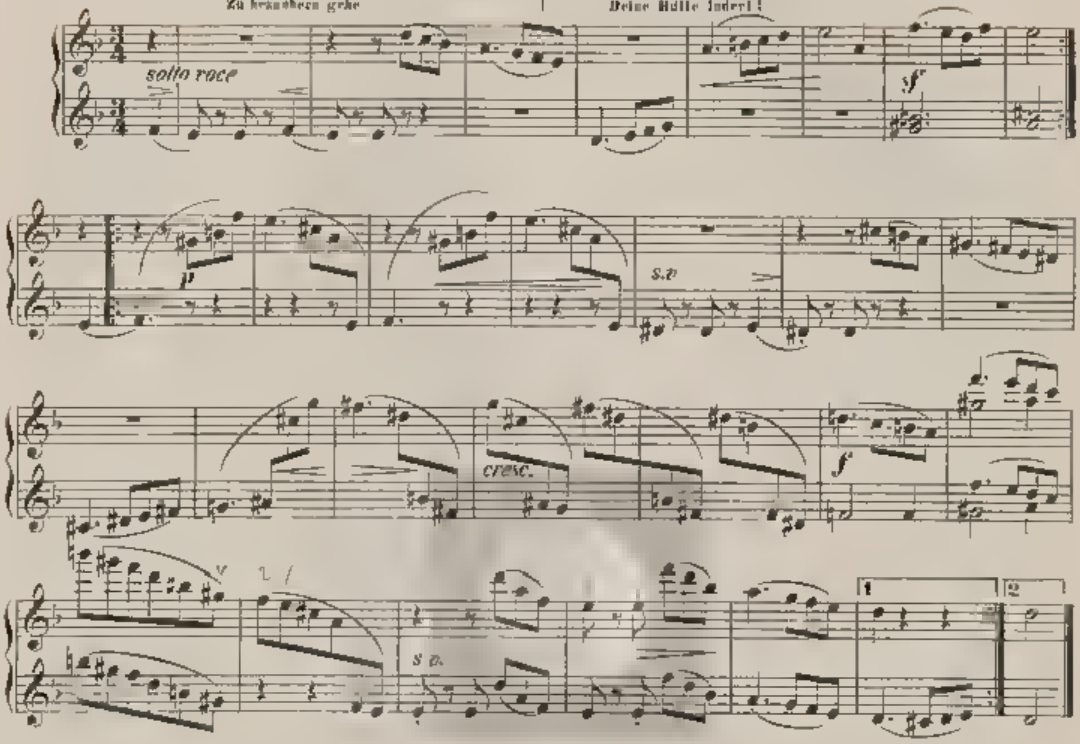
'Tis because the rose will shower
like myself, its traces in death



5.

Wunre, wunre deinen Sinn
Nachbarin, vor Wehe,
Weil ich Ihn mit schwarzem Aug'
Zu benachen gehe

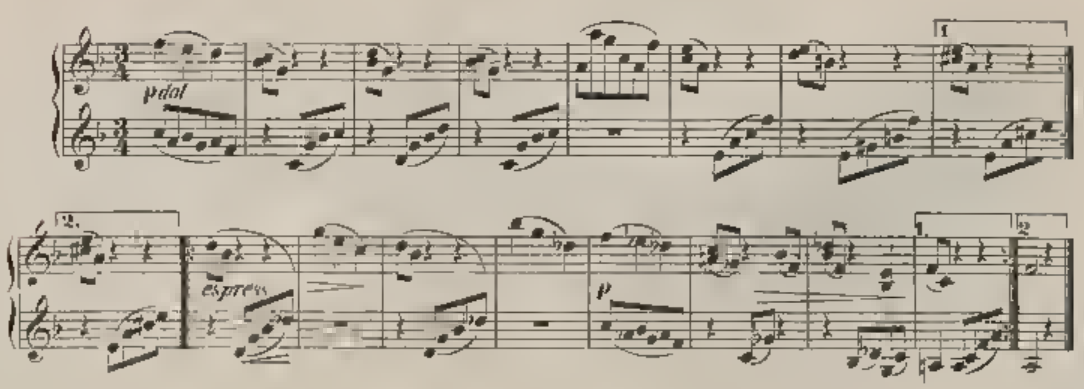
O wie brennt das Auge mir,
Das zu zaudern fodert!
Flammet Ihm die Seele nicht,
Deine Hülle ändert!



6.

Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter,
Weil ich gar so trübe bin

Sie hat Recht, die Rose welket,
So wie ich, enthüllet hin



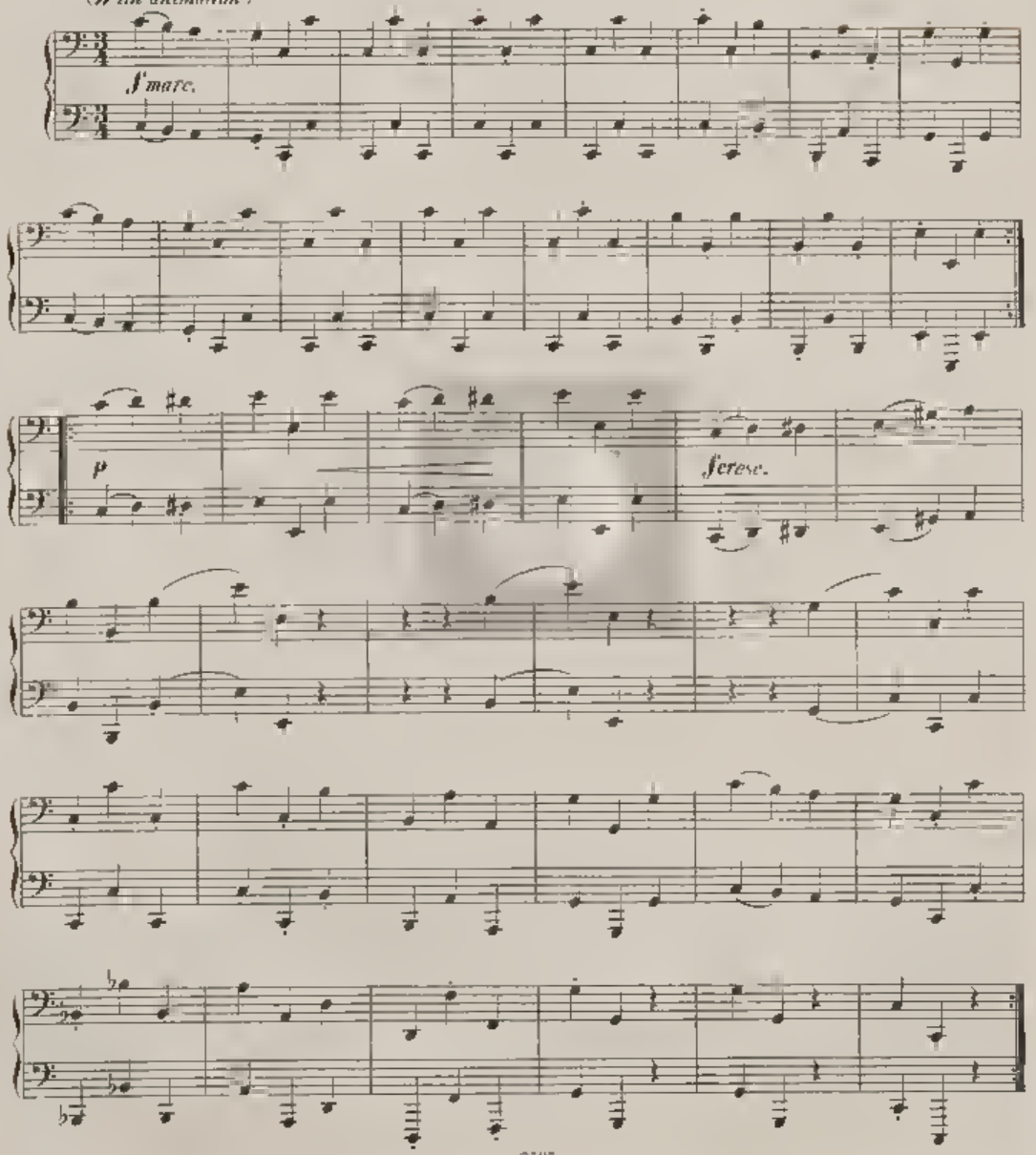
Secondo.

7.

From you with the torrent speeds,
and the rain never ceases.

Would that I might give to her
hundred thousand kisses!

Lebhaft.
(With animation.)



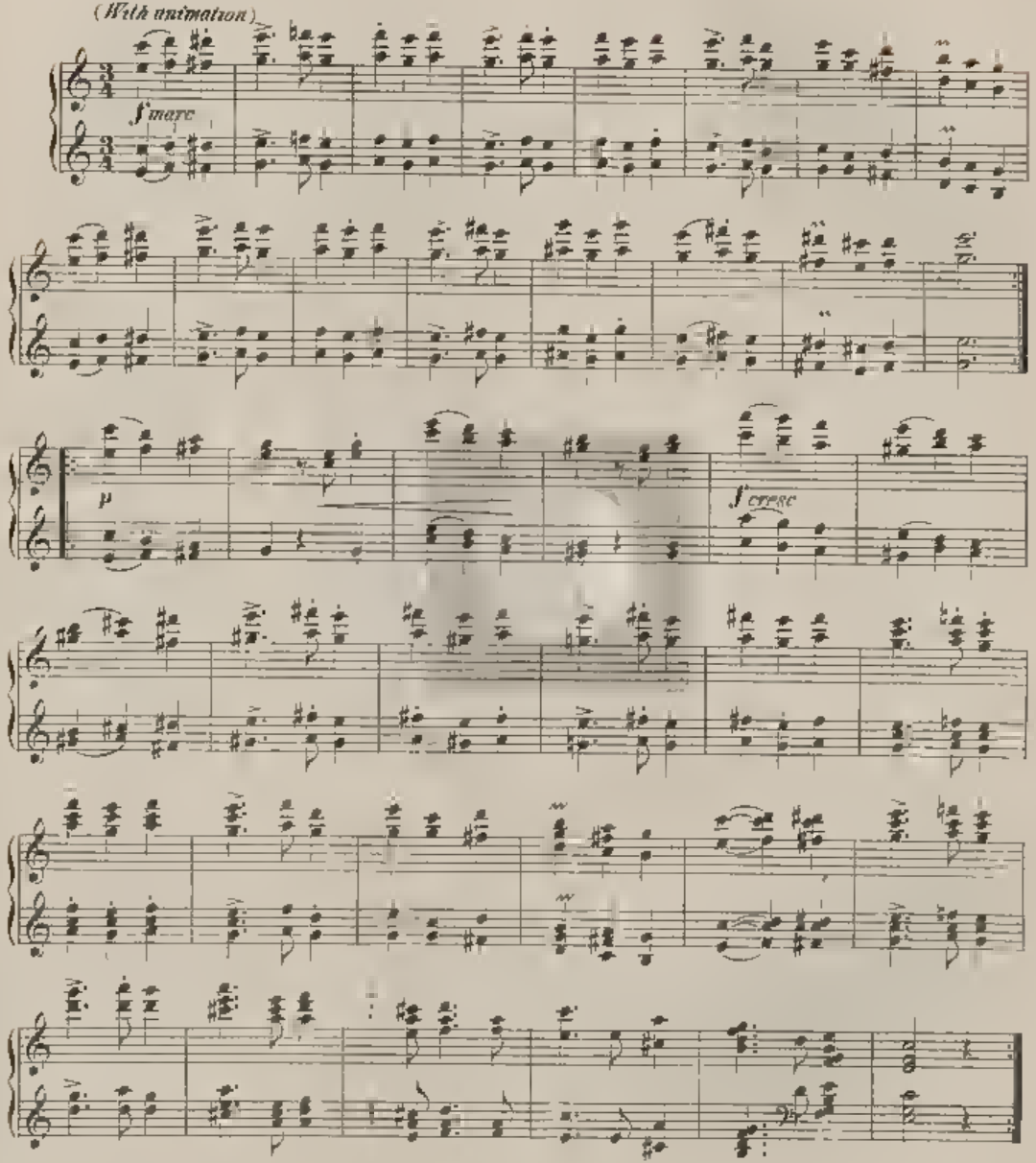
Primo

7.

Von Gebirge Welt auf Welt
kommen Regengüsse

Und ich gäbe dir so gern
Hunderttausend Küsse

Lebhaft
(With animation)

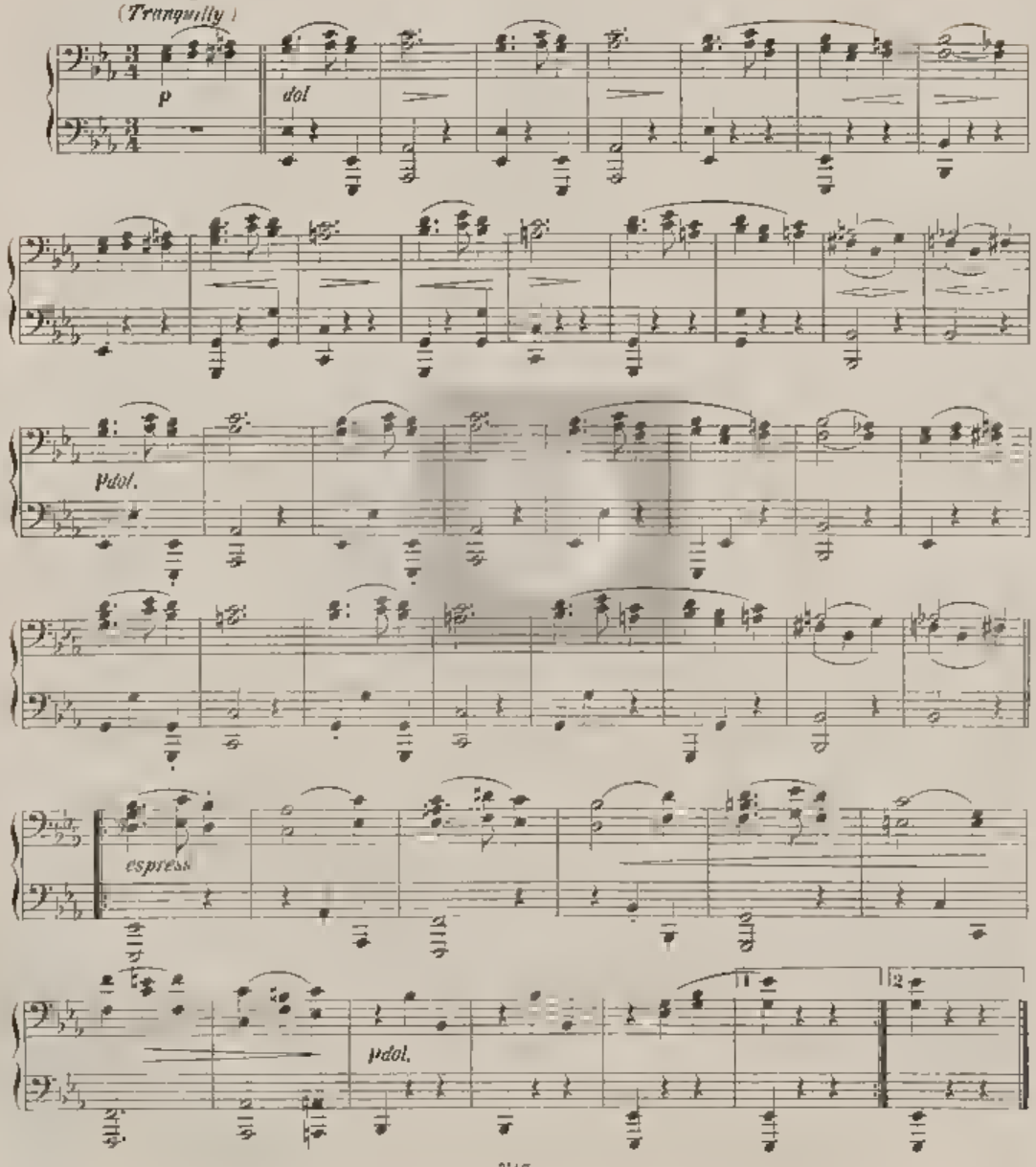


Secondo.

8.

Secret nook in shady spot, | *Dreaming by the world forgot,*
'mongst the waving grasses, | *fleet the bright hour passes*

Ruhig
(Tranquilly)

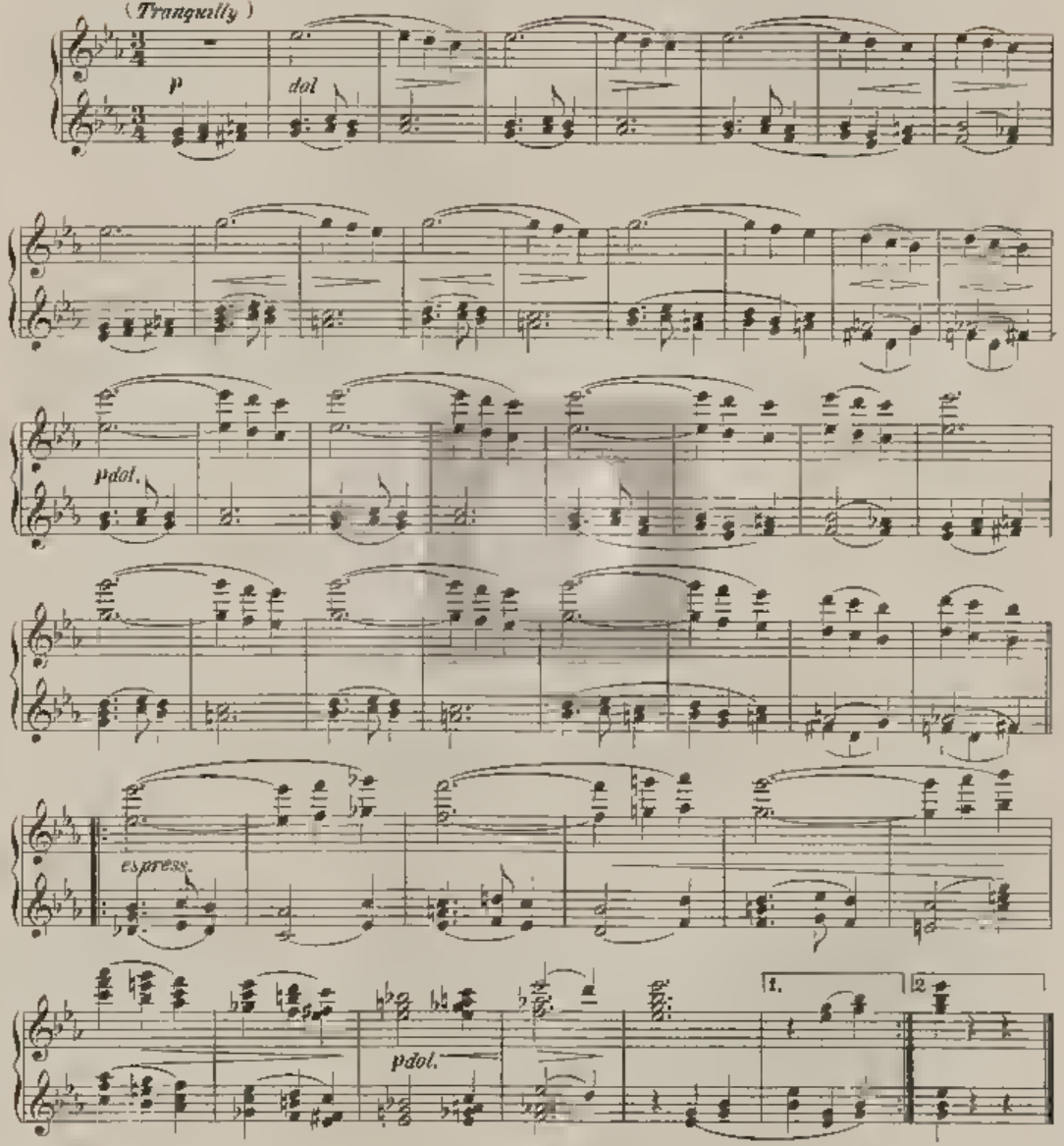


Primo

8.

Weiche Grasser im Revier,
Schöne stille Plätzchen!

O wie lade ruht es hier
Sich mit einem Schätzchen!

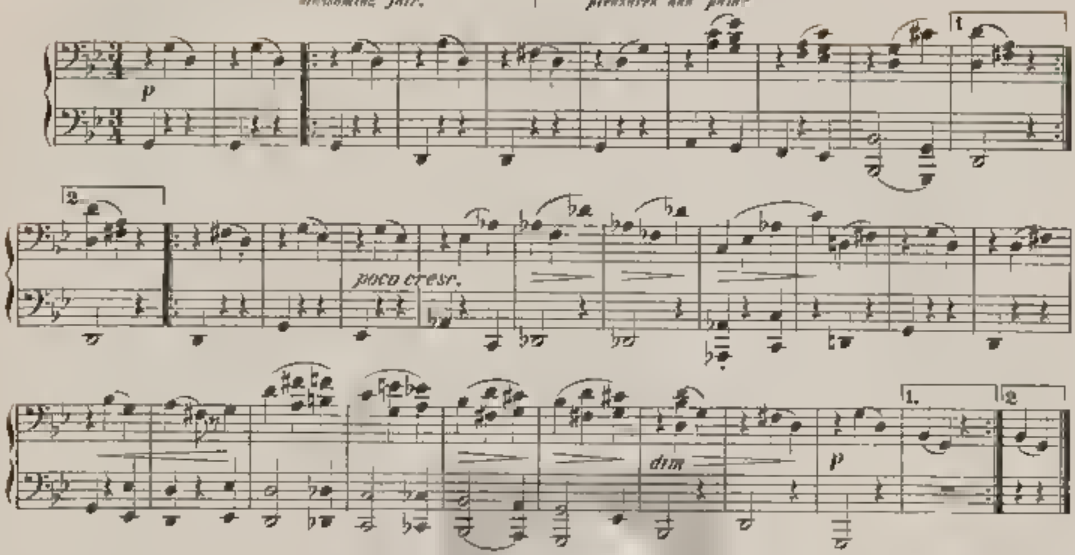


Secondo

9.

Sharp pointed arrow
rankles at my heart's core;
how can a maiden
blossoming fair,

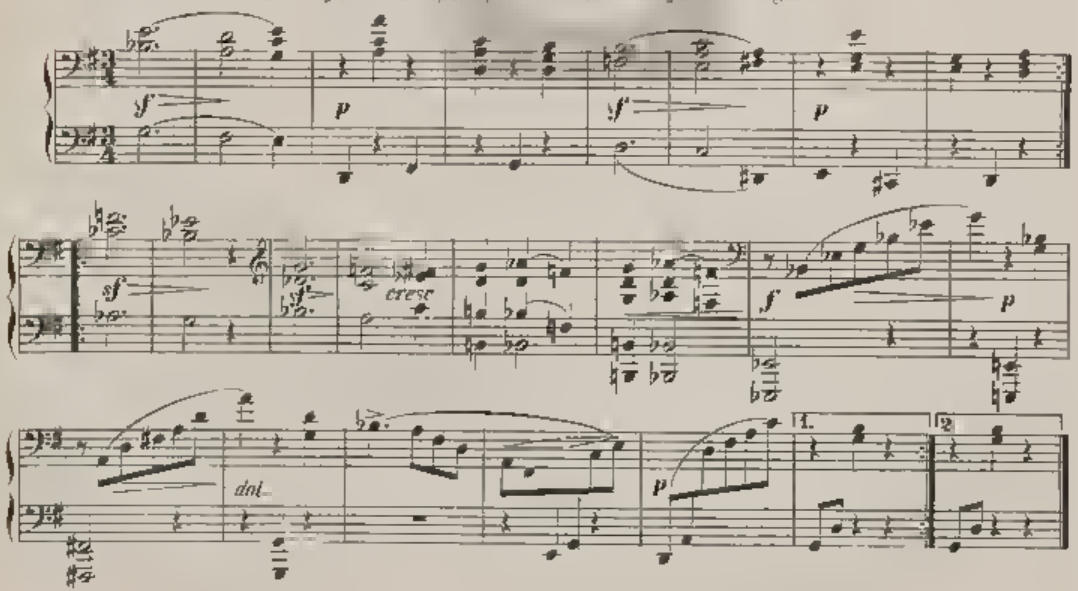
a lover disdain?
Ah me how can she
live without love's sweet
pleasures and pain?



10.

To many a maid I whisper soft
the while my heart is anguish,

For that to thee my thoughts I waft
oh Nanni! for thee I languish

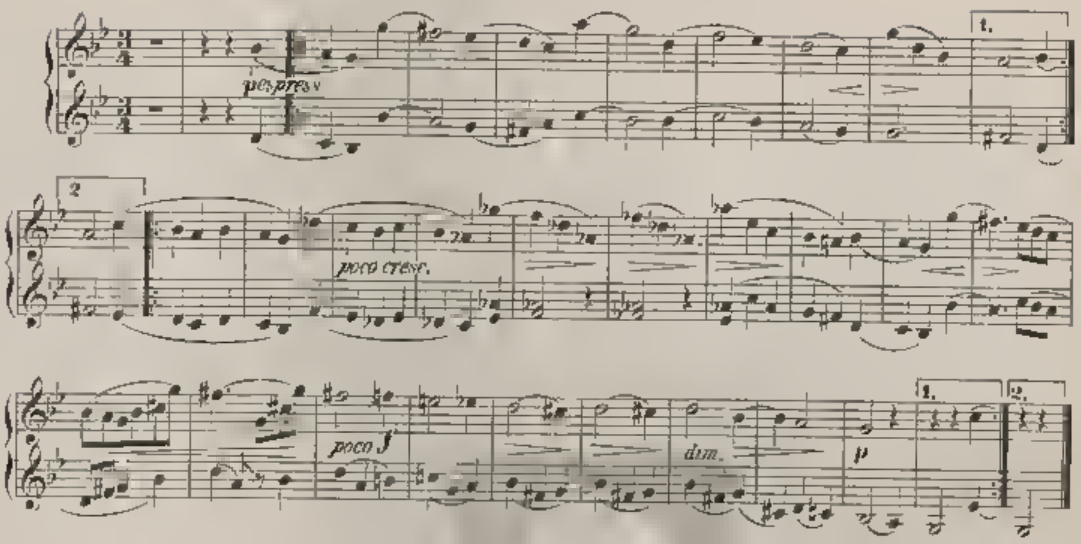


Primo.

9.

Nagen am Herzen
Fühl ich ein Gift mir,
Kann sich ein Mädchen
Ohne zu frohnen

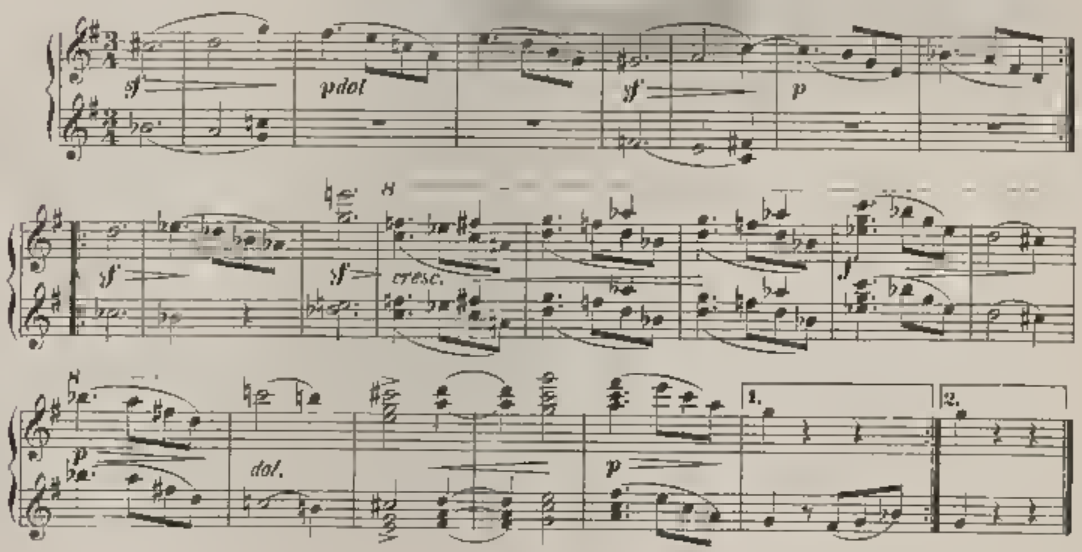
Zärtlichem Hang,
Fassen ein ganzes
Wunscherfülles
Leben entlang?



10.

Ich hose süss mit der und der
Und werde still und krank

Denn ewig, ewig kehrt zu dir,
O Nanna, mein Gedanke!

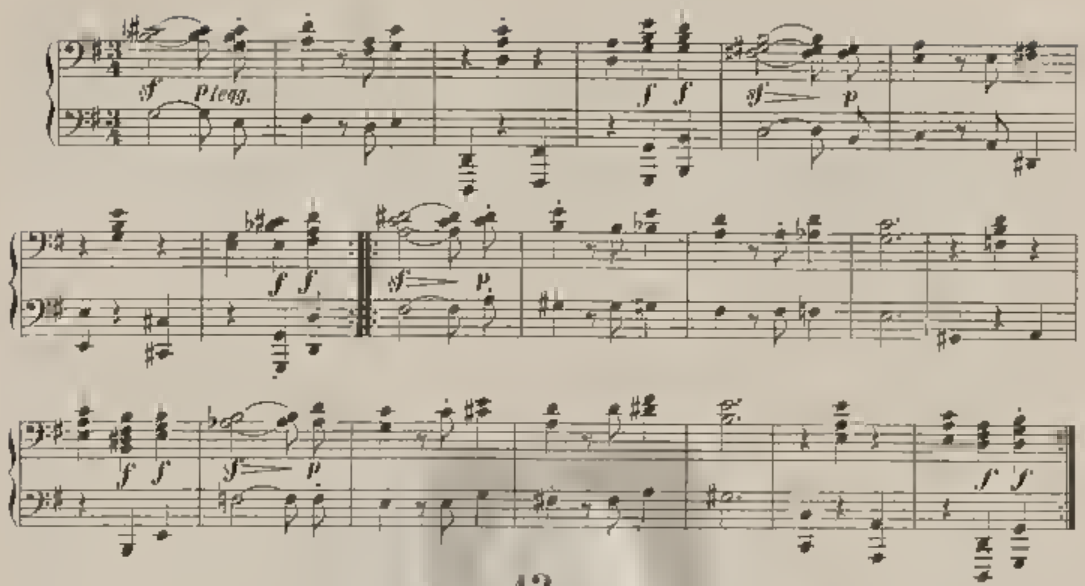


Secondo

11.

I will hear no more of love
thou wilt but deceive me;
never will thou cease to woo
Go, thou flatt'rer, leave me!

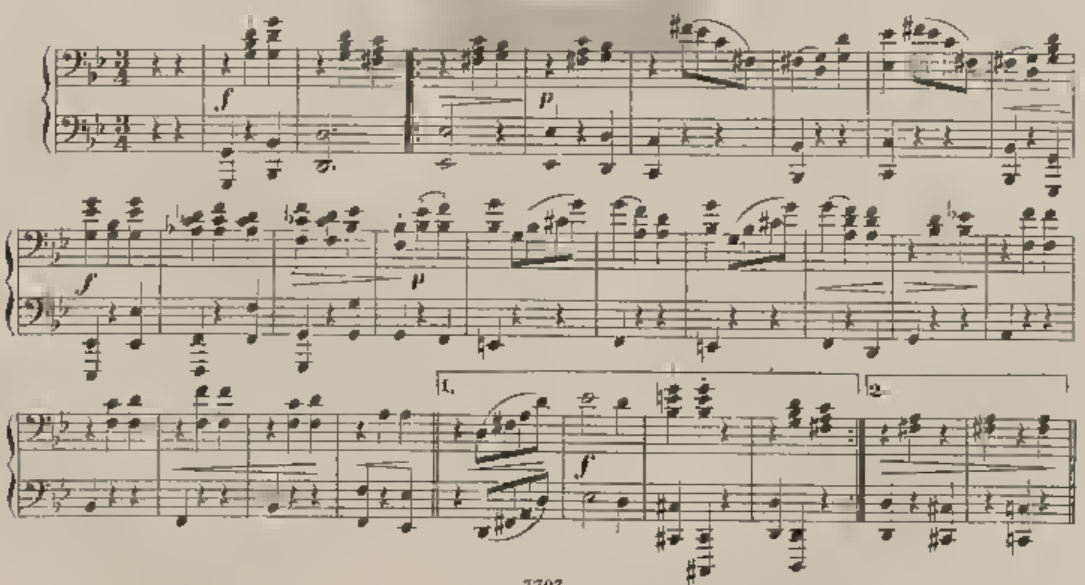
If thou needs must set a snare,
seek some prey unwary,
wounded bird will sure beware
and of trust be chary!



12.

Darksome wood, thy shadows are so gloomy!
Aching heart, so heavy is thy sorrow!

Is't for evermore that we are parted
must I sigh forlorn lone unsyphonied?

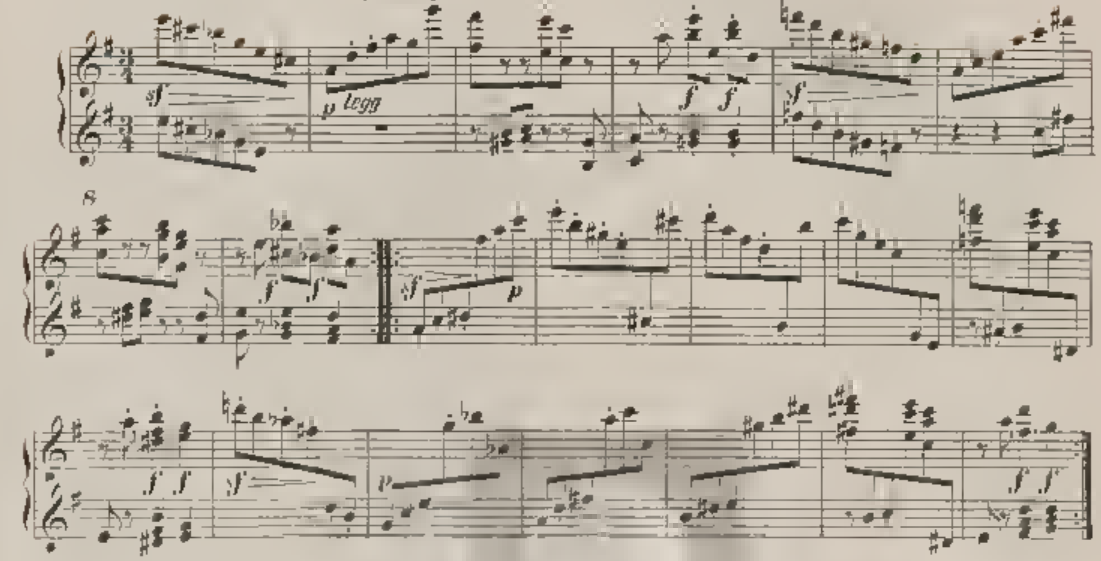


Primo.

11.

Alles, alles in den Wind
Sagst du mir, du Schmeichler!
Allesammt verloren sind
Deine Mühe, du Heuchler!

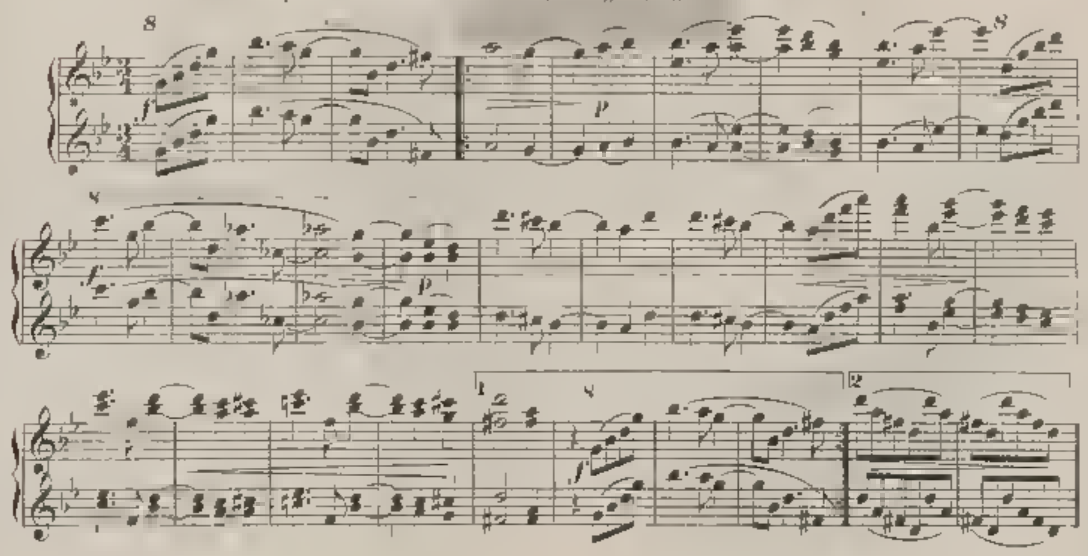
Einem andern eilig zu Dich
Stelle deine Fülle!
Denn du bist ein loser Dieb
Denn du hast um Alle!



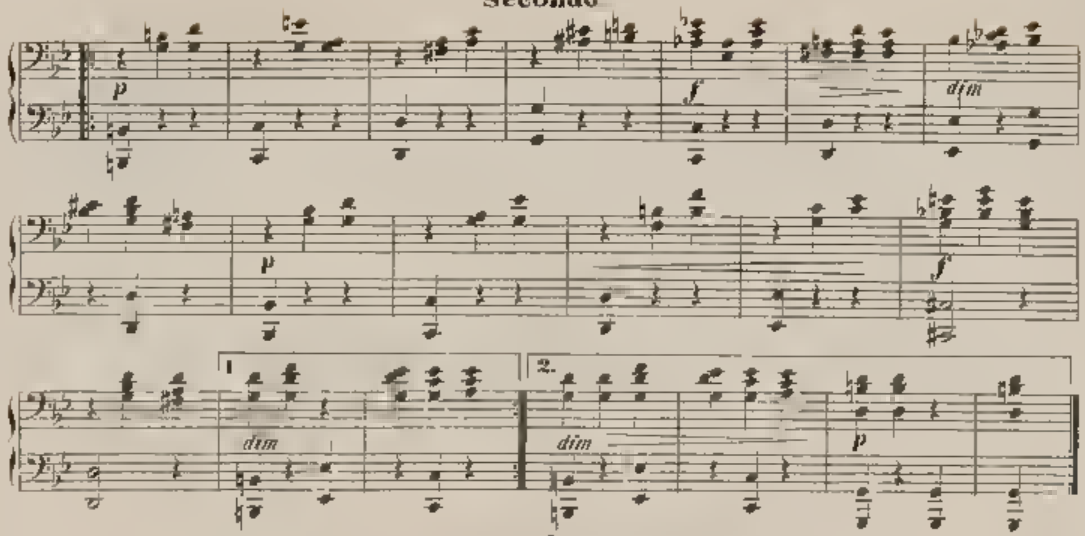
12.

Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten ist so düster!
Arm's Herz, dein Leid ist so drückend!

Was dir einzig werth, es sieht vor Augen
Ewig unterzogt ist Hoffnungsreinung!



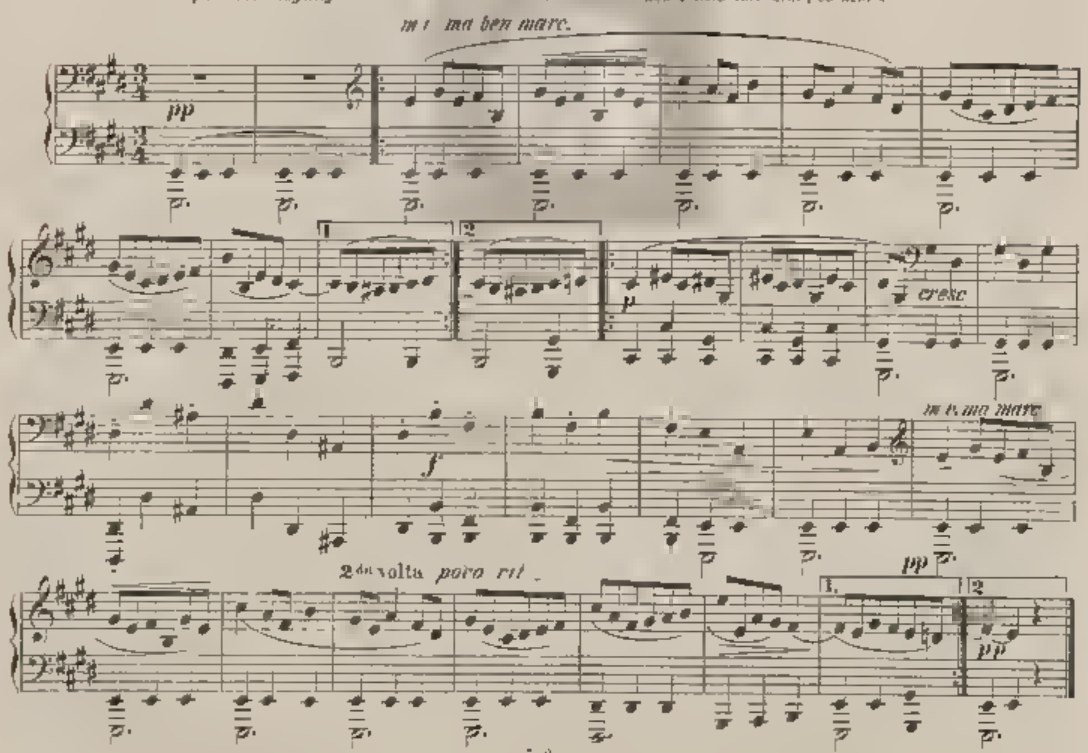
Secondo

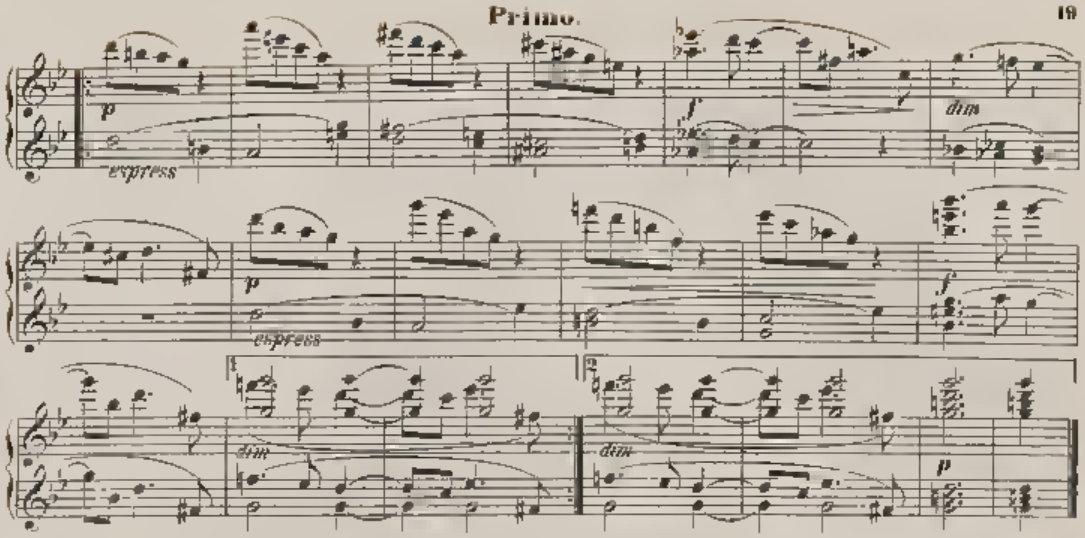


13.

Seat thyself, my dearest heart,
not so close to me,
do not gaze so me, and start,
pale and craftfully!

Though thy heart within thee burn,
ah forbear, and come not near!
Lest the world the secret learn,
how I hold thee dear, so dear!

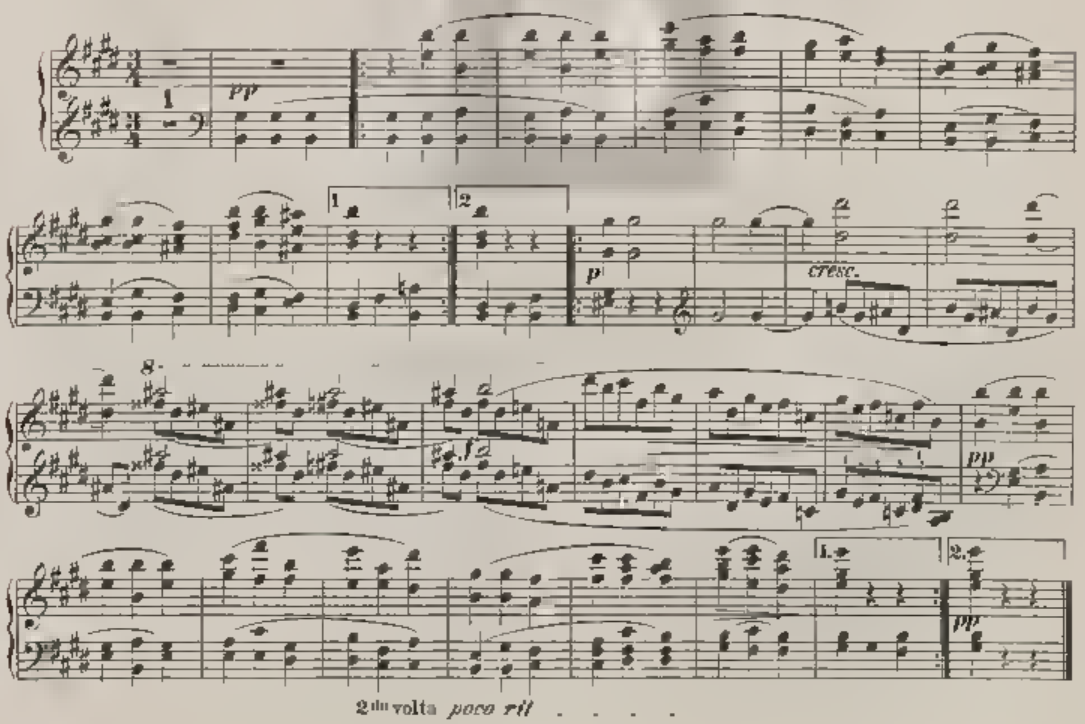




13.

Nein, Geliebter, setze dich
Mir so nahe nicht!
Starre nicht so brunstiglich
Mir ins Angesicht!

Wie es auch im Busen brennt
Dämpfe deinen Trieb
Dass es nicht die Welt erkennt
Wie wir uns so lieb



2du volta *poco rit* . . . .

Secondo.

14.

1

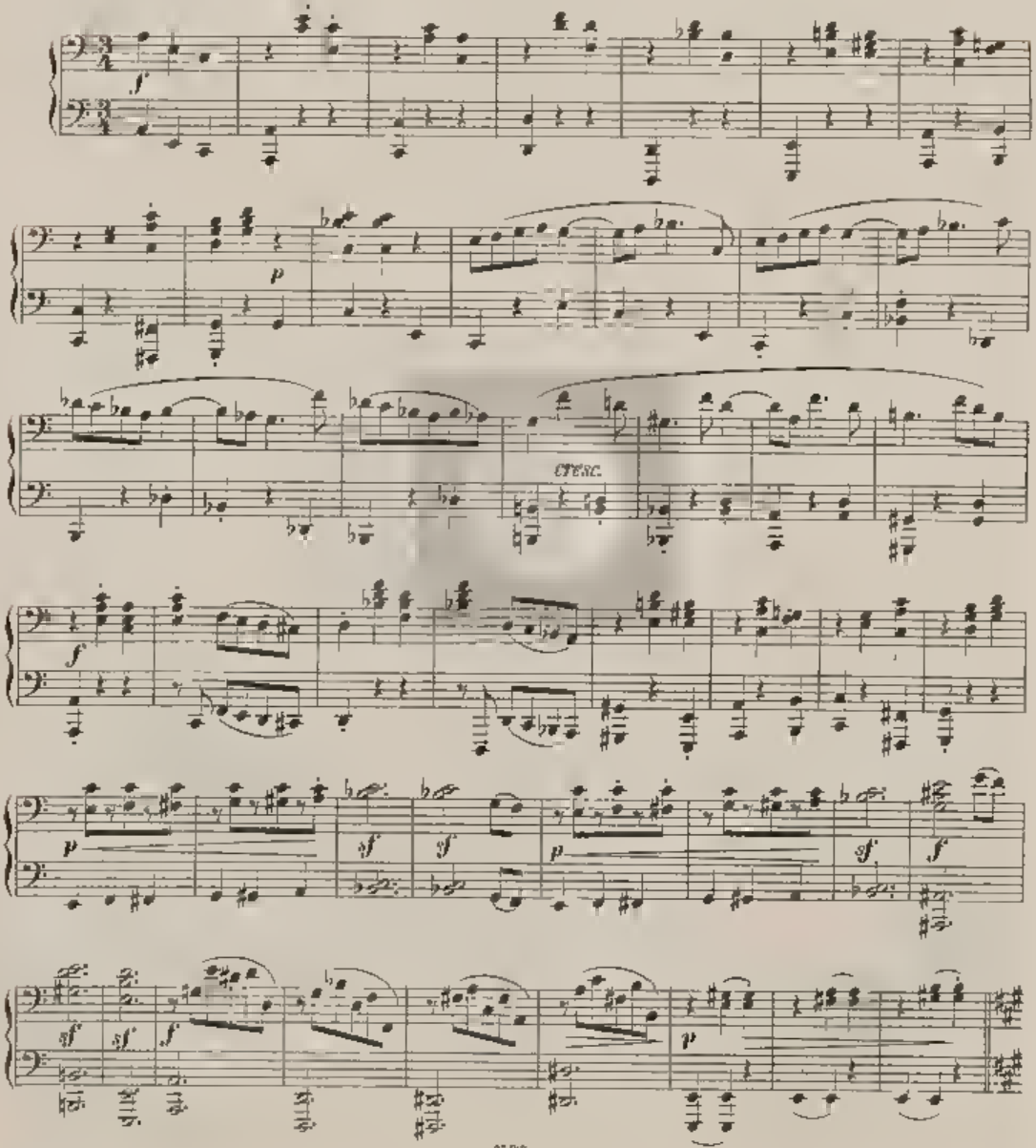
Eyes of lightning, raven hair
gentle words, the soul entrancing,
these have wrought to me despair,
from the youth my heart possessing!

2

Can the sunbeams turn to snow?
Morning wear Night's dusky pinion?
Can a burning heart forego
Love's delights or Love's dominion?

3

Is the meadow gay with light
that the flowers in darkness perish?
And doth youth in love delight
that no heart it have to cherish?



Primo

14.

1

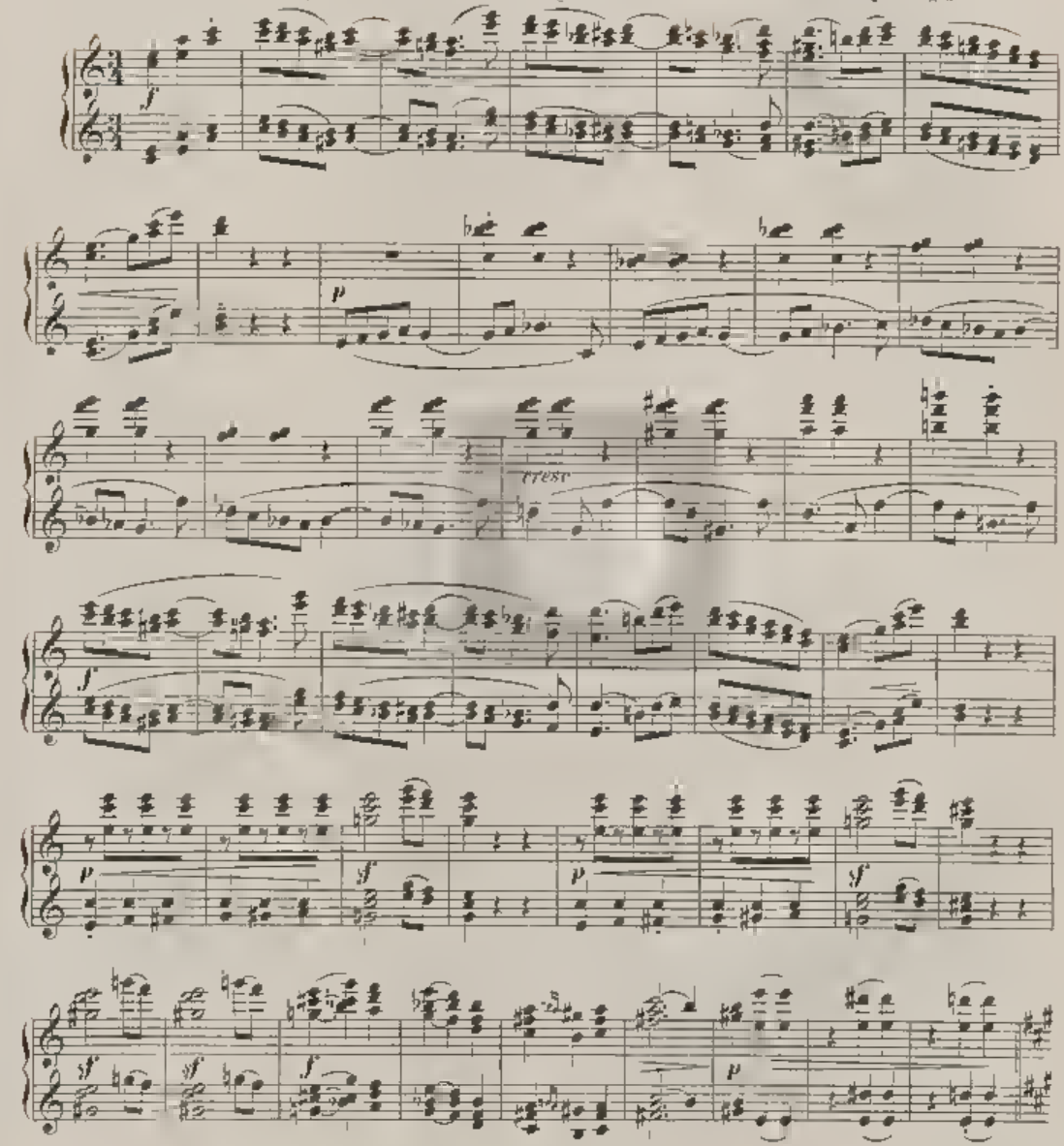
Flammenauge dunkles Haar
Knabe wonnig und verwogen,
Kommen ist durch dich hinein
In mein armes Herz gezogen!

2

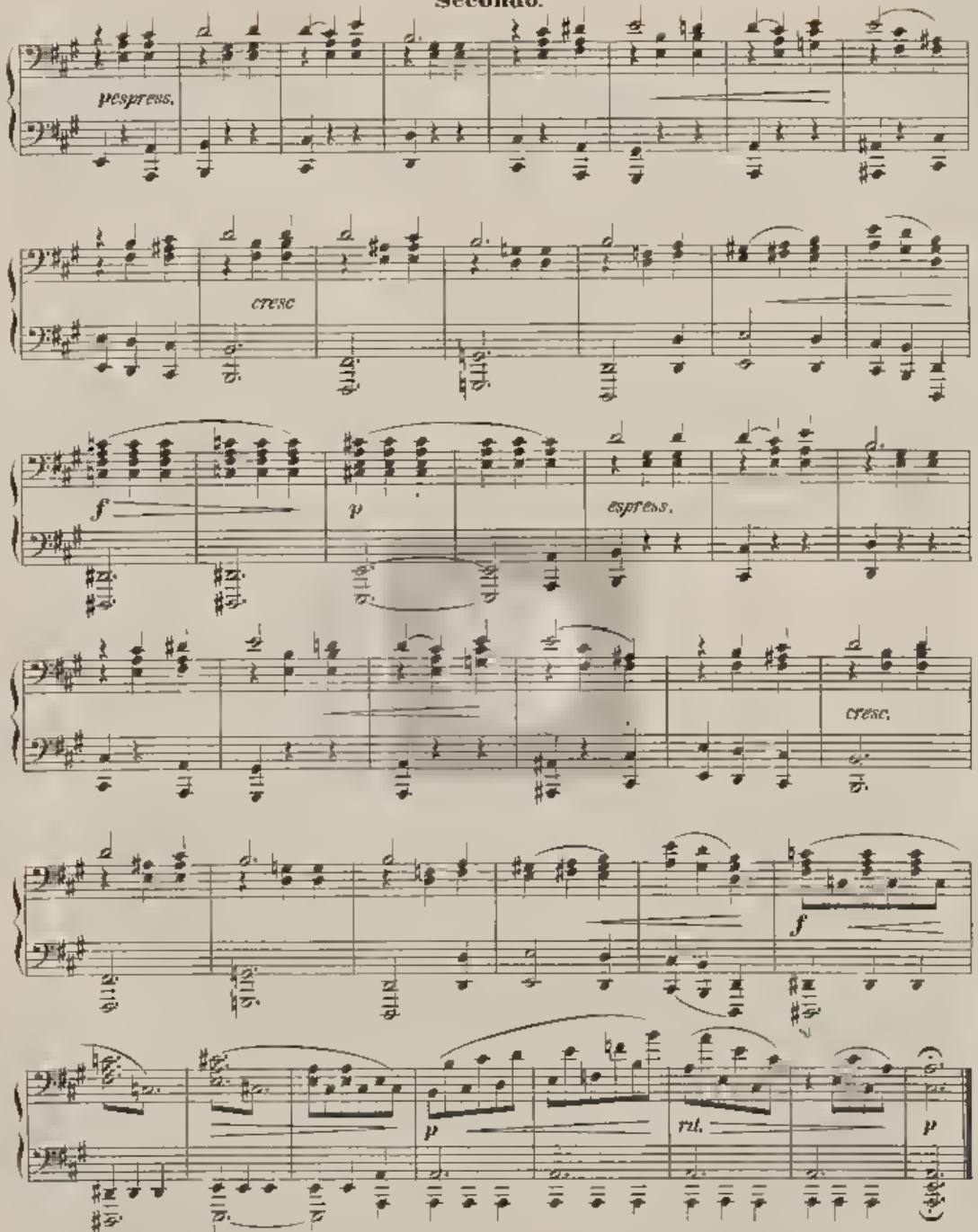
Kann in Eis den Sonne Brand,
Sich in Nacht der Tag verkehren?
Kann die heisse Menschenbrust
Athmen ohne Glühbegehren?

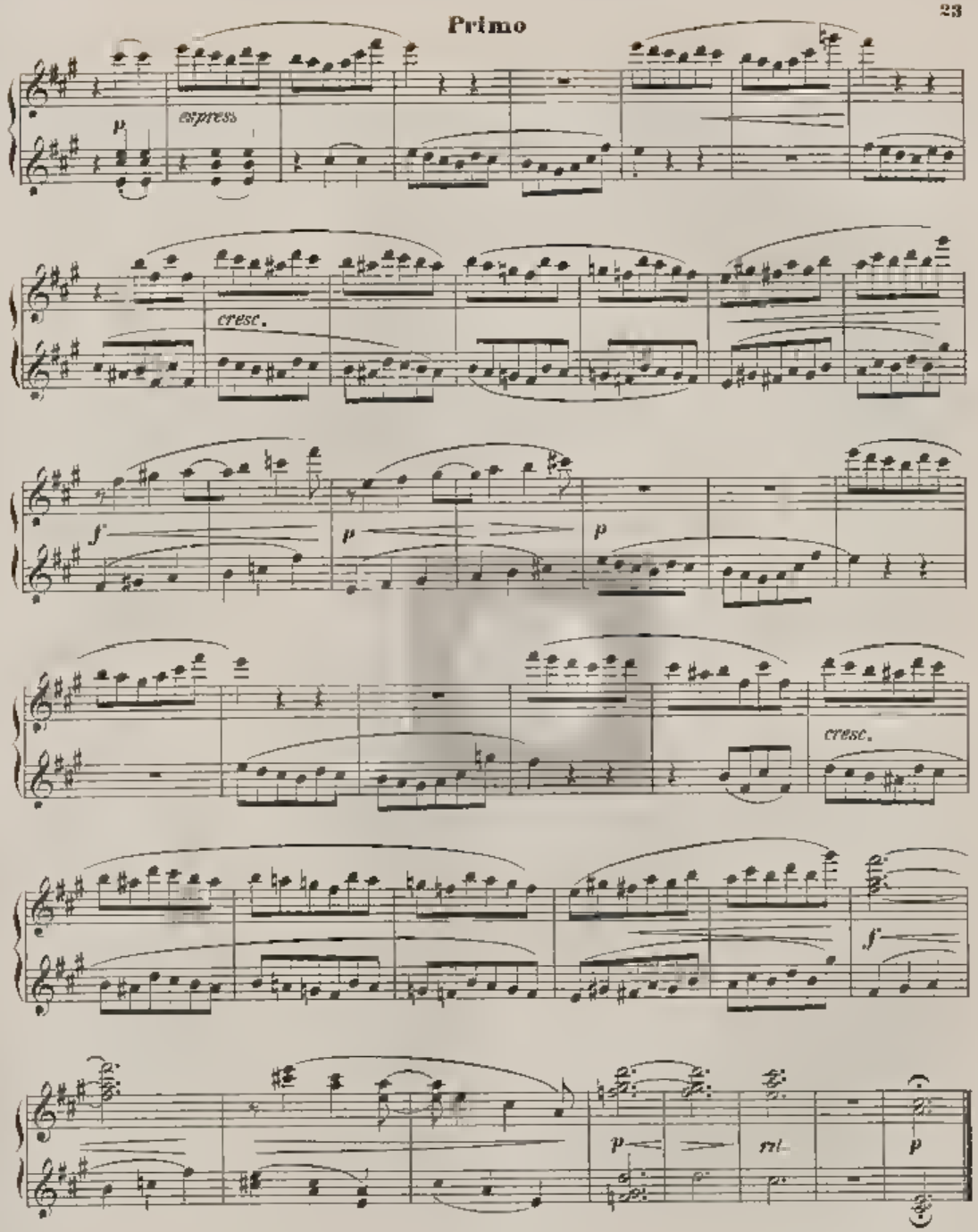
3

Ist die Flur so voller Licht,
Dass die Blum' im Dunkel stehe
Ist die Welt so voller Lust
Dass das Herz in Qual vergehe!



Secondo.

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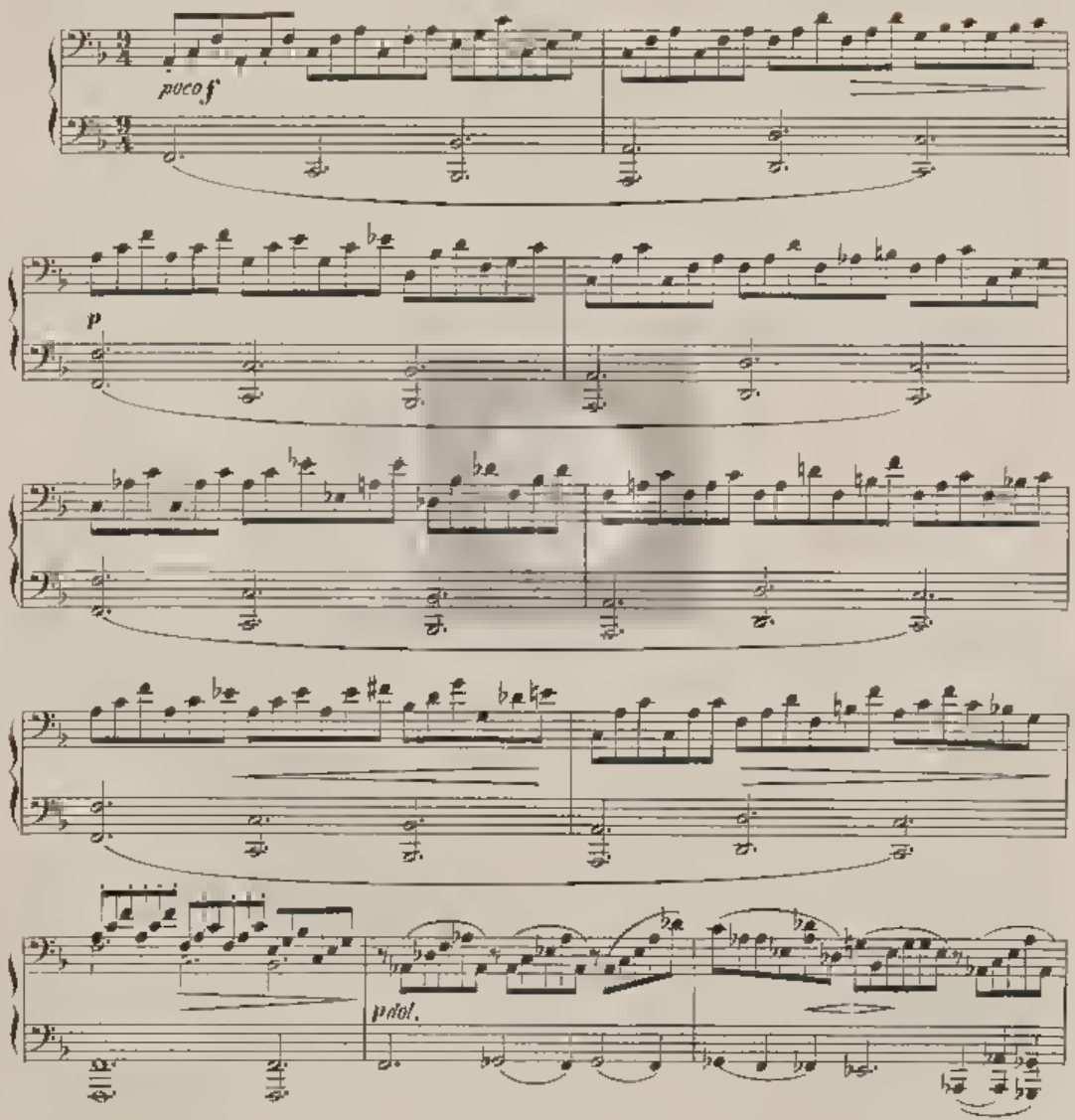
CONCLUSION.

(Goethe.)

Now, ye Muses, be hush'd! Ye've sought to tell, but now vainly!
of the sorrow and joy swaying a fond lover's heart:
Ye the heart's cruel wounds cannot heal, from Love's barbed arrow,
but his torments t'assuage, oh that ye only, ye kind ones, can do!

Ruhig
Andante

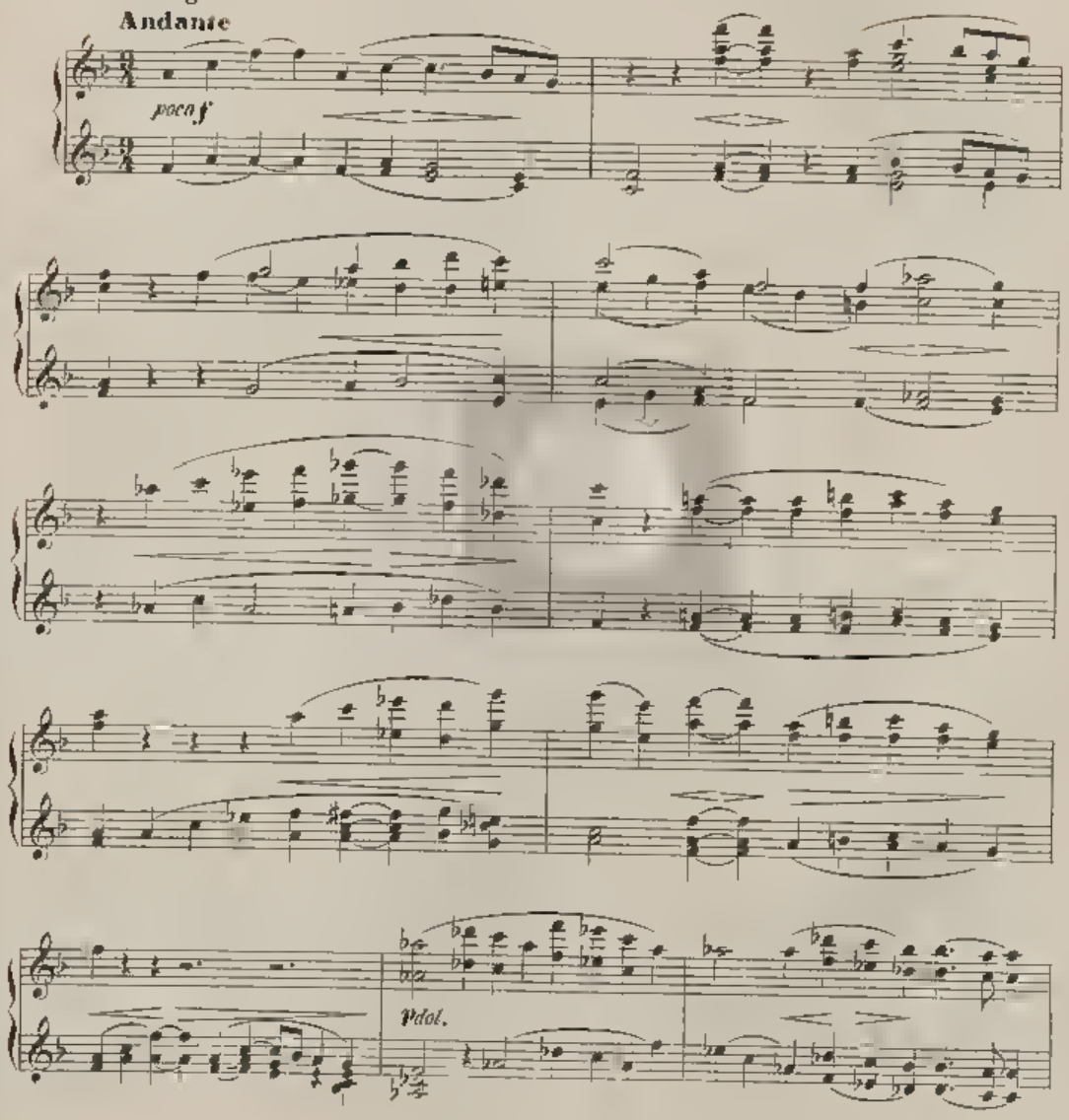


ZUM SCHLUSS.

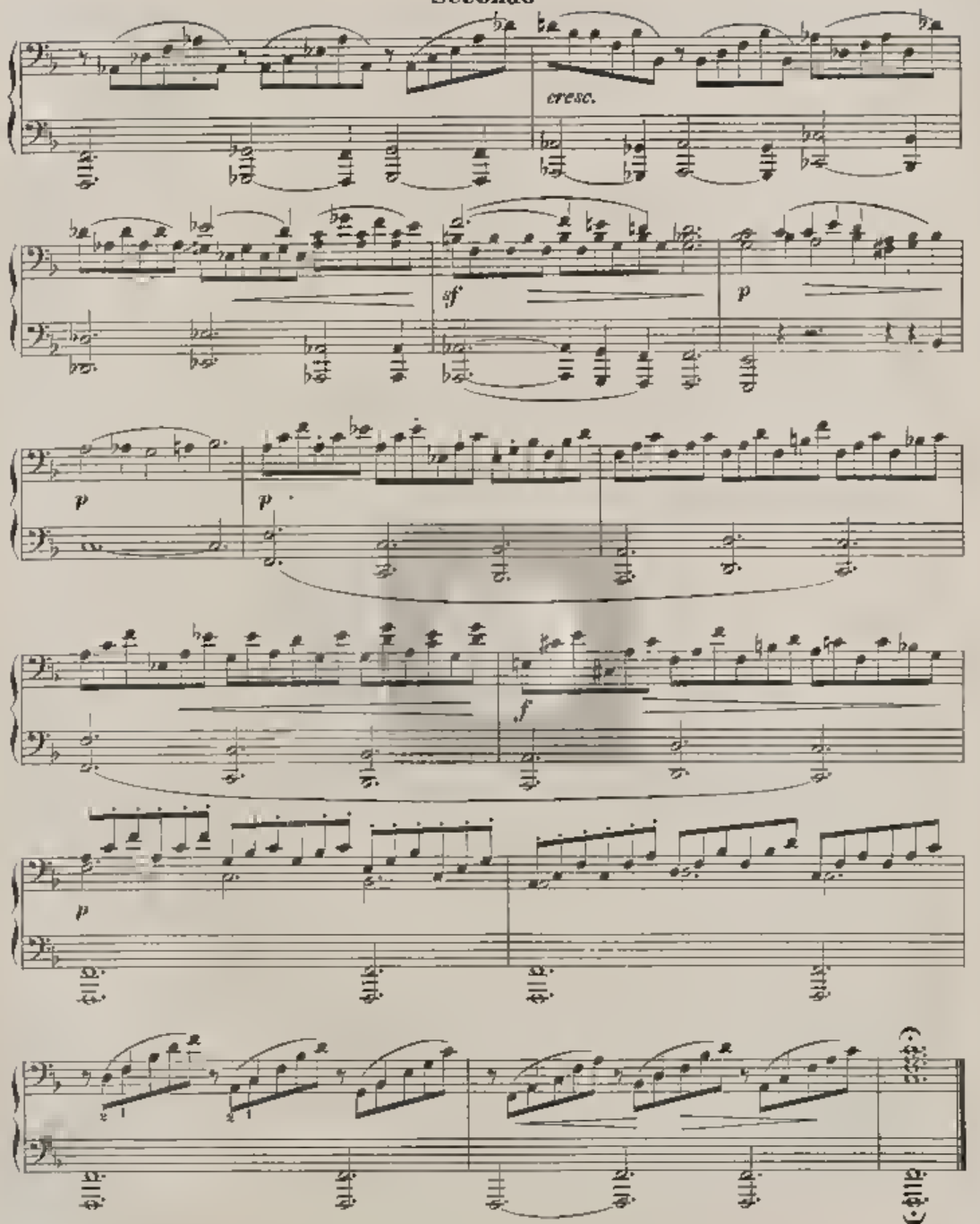
(Goethe.)

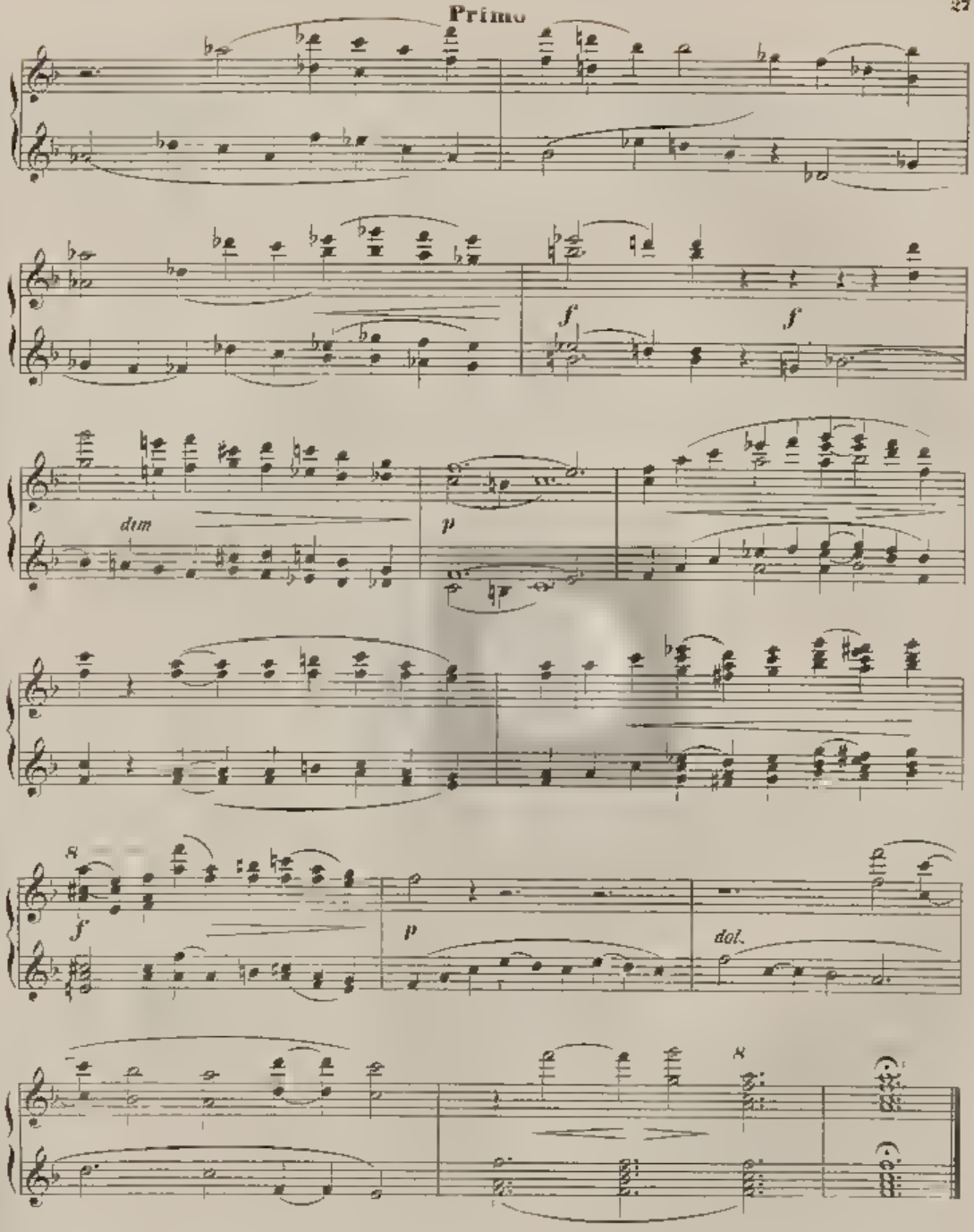
Aus, ihr Musen, genug! Vergebens strebt ihr zu schildern,
Wie sich Jammer und Glück wechseln in liebender Brust.
Bellen kennt die Wunden ihr nicht, die Amor geschlagen,
Aber Linderung kommt einzig, ihr Guten, von euch.

Ruhig
Andante



Secondo

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